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THE Countrey-mans Complaint, AND Advice to the KING.

WE only can admire those happy times
Of Innocence, unskill'd in Laws and Crimes;
When Gods were known by Blessings, own'd by Prayer,
And 'twas no part of Worship for to swear:
Clearer than Fountains, and more free than those,
Impartial Truth they all to each disclose.
To hear, and to believe were strictly joyn'd,
And Speech thus answer'd what it first design'd.
But Oh unhappy state of Humane kind!
Nought dreadful now our Awe, or Faith can bind:
Vows and Religions are but bare pretence,
Oaths are found out to shackle Innocence,
And Laws must serve a perjur'd Impudence.
Tumults address for Blood; Witnes for Hire deceives;
And Judge is forc'd to Sentence what he ne're believes.
All Truth and Justice, blushingly withdraw,
Leaving us nothing but the Form of Law:
Whereby Rogues profligate, and hardned in their Vice
Proscribe all Loyal men, as factions raise their price.
Poor Land! whose Folly to swift Ruine tends,
Despis'd by Foes, unaided by its Friends.
In vain does Heaven her Fiery Comets light,
We stifle th' Evidence, and still grope in night:
Baffled by Fools, betray'd by perjur'd Knaves,
Rather than Subjects, we'll be branded Slaves:
And by a vain pursuit of airy Bliss,
Forefeit Substantial real Happiness;
Change Monarchy (from all oppression free)
Religion, and its Native Purity,
True Freedom, without Lawless Liberty:
For thousand Masters, worst of Tyranny,
For frantick Zeal, formal Hypocrisie,
For Licence to rude Rabbles, Hell and Slavery.
And all this wrought by old known Cheats and Rooks,
Gods! to be twice Cajol'd by Cants and Looks!
Sots, worse than Brutes, to run into that Net
We see, and know for our destruction set!

TO

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TO THE KING.

ARiſe, O thou once Mighty *CHARLES*, ariſe,
Diſpel thoſe miſts that Cloud thy piercing Eyes;
Read o're thy Martyr'd Fathers Tragick Story,
Learn by his Murder, different ways to glory.
How fatal 'tis, by him is underſtood,
To yield to Subjects, when they thirſt for Blood,
And cloak their black deſigns with Publick Good.
As thou art God-like by thy *Pity*, ſhow
That thou art God-like by thy *Juſtice* too:
Leſt we ſhould count thy greateſt Vertue, Vice,
And call thy Mercy, ſervile Cowardiſe.
Of Old, when daring Giants skal'd the Skie,
The King of Gods ne're laid his Thunder by,
To hear Addreſſes for their Property.
But quell'd *His* Rebels by a ſtroke Divine,
And left example how to deal with *Thine*.

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